

THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL



MAY
1938

A LIST OF CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

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Once upon a time—

Mrs. Piggy-Wiggy sent her Three Little Pigs out into the world to seek their fortune. Two of those Little Pigs weren't so very smart, and the Big Bad Wolf gobbled them up. But the third Little Pig said, "By the hair of my chinny-chin-chin that Big Bad Wolf won't get me!" And he didn't, because the Little Pig was wise. You know how he did it? He conquered the Big Bad Wolf—in fact he boiled him and ate him up for supper.

Once upon a time—

There is another story about Three Little Men—very like the story of the Three Little Pigs. One of these Men said, "By the hair of my chinny-chin-chin the Big Bad Wolf won't get me." And he didn't, because the man was wise. You know how he did it? He conquered the Big Bad Wolf (but he didn't eat him because he hated boiled wolf for supper). Are you afraid of the Big Bad Wolf? Fill in the coupon below and you will learn how Mr. Man prepared for the rainy day and slew the Big Bad Wolf. We shall send you free a copy of our booklet "The Maryknoll Annuity."

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,

Maryknoll, N. Y.

I'm out to slay the Big Bad Wolf too! Please send me free the booklet "The Maryknoll Annuity" telling me how Mr. Man did it.

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An American foundation for foreign missions which includes two distinct Societies, one for priests and Brothers, and one for Sisters.

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The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America Inc. (legal title)

Most Rev. J. E. Walsh, M.M., Superior General

Established by action of the United States Hierarchy, assembled at Washington, April 27, 1911.

Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. Final Approval by Pope Pius XI, May 7, 1930.

"Maryknoll," in honor of the Queen of Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

Object—to train Catholic missionaries for the heathen, and to assist them in their labors in the mission fields assigned to the Society by the Holy See, with the ultimate aim to develop a native clergy in lands now pagan.

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MISSIONS OF THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS

See section, "The Month with the Missioners."

The Maryknoll Sisters

See Sisters' page for directory.

THE FIELD AFAR—*The Magazine of Maryknoll*

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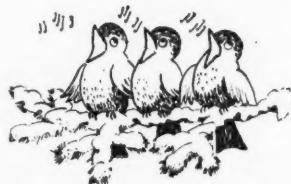


MAY ON A CHINESE RIVER

THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

May, 1938



This world lives by what it does.
Example is inspiring. It is contagious.

If we in the United States were receiving news at first hand from men and women whom we had known, and whose human hearts in far-off lands are now throbbing and living for the Church of God, would not Christianity be more real to us?

SPRING! We may have poor voices ourselves, but we relish the ripple of our Maryknoll feathered folk.

It gets us thinking of a fresh stream of zealous leaders of souls, of a rich flow of new Maryknoll missionaries for overseas.

For it means June is near, and each June now a score or so of Maryknollers are ordained. This is excellent, though not yet enough. Thirty new priests for each year of a generation of thirty years, would mean a little army of nine hundred missionaries. Allowing for the few who would be blessed with more than thirty years of priestly life, the number in a little over a generation might mount to a thousand. Then death would call persistently, and the succeeding thirties would be required to fill the depleted ranks.

Perhaps Providence expects Catholic America to send missionary representatives in much larger bands than thirty, but suffice it for the moment as a goal.

New missionaries mean Catholic conquest overseas, but they also mean a stronger Church at home.

Maryknoll's co-founder, Bishop Walsh, had something to say about this over thirty years ago, when as a young priest in Boston he wrote in the *Sacred Heart Review* of September, 1906. We quote him:

If today each parish had its representative in some foreign land working for Christ, do you not think that such self-sacrifice would arouse souls that are now faint?

We cannot pretend to rehearse the numerous instances of clergy, professors, classroom Brothers and Sisters, who have apostles to their credit because they have served as God's heralds. Many lay Catholics have likewise been the Lord's agents in putting missionaries into the field.



Maryknoll has built in a very substantial way with the aid of America's Hierarchy.

"I have always considered the work of Maryknoll a very holy one and worthy of every consideration and encouragement," are words of Cardinal O'Connell of Boston. "In every way I have endeavored to encourage the work, which has always met with the ardent cooperation of the priests and people of this Archdiocese."

"It may be said," we find in a letter of Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia, "that Maryknoll has been the chief providential means through which the missionary spirit has been aroused in the United States; and by the suffering of its members for the propagation of the Faith it will doubtless bring down a blessing on the entire United States of America."

"The Maryknoll Fathers," writes Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis, "were established to represent in a special way the United States in Catholic foreign mission work, and they are succeeding very well. To flourish vigorously at home we must send missionaries into foreign fields."

With May comes hope renewed, a vision of new knights of the Cross who trek Eastward.

MARY, QUEEN OF APOSTLES, PRAY FOR US.



The Search Ends



T 12:40 P.M., on February 11, the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, I received a telephone call from the American Consul at Mukden, that the body of a foreigner had been discovered at Huaijen, out on a mountain near a mission station of Hsin Pin, Father Bridge's old mission.

I hesitated to make the discovery public until we were more certain, and immediately sent Father Quirk to Mukden to confer with the Consul. Father Quirk telephoned about 4 P.M., convinced that the body was that of Father Donovan. I notified the community and sent cables, including one to Father Joseph Donovan at Maryknoll, and one to Father Thomas Donovan in South China, Father Gerard's brothers.

On Sunday morning, February 13, by arrangement with the Japanese officials, Father Quirk and Mr. Ludden of the American Consulate took off for Huaijen in a plane kindly loaned by the military authorities, with the purpose of identifying the remains. It required one hour and ten minutes for

Monsignor Raymond A. Lane, who, as Prefect Apostolic of Fushun, Manchukuo, was Superior of Father Gerard A. Donovan, provides us with the details of the finding of the remains of our Maryknoller, kidnaped from the sacristy of his chapel at Hopei, October 5, 1937.

Since he is the first Maryknoller to meet a violent death, Father Donovan's remains are to be interred at the Maryknoll Center.

the flight.

At Huaijen, the two were met by the Japanese officials and found that everything possible had been done to honor and respect the remains. The body had been placed in a coffin, in a small private residence, where soldiers stood on guard. With characteristic Japanese delicacy, flowers had been arranged at the entrance to the house and about the bier.

After the identification, the military officials reviewed the entire case, out-

Above: The temporary interment of Father Donovan's remains at the Hopei cemetery. Last October 5 the kidnapers led their victim over the mountain which appears here in the background.

lining with the aid of a map the campaign that had been followed in an effort to effect Father Donovan's release. Father Quirk and Mr. Ludden expressed our gratitude for all that had been done and the ranking officer expressed, in turn, his deep sympathy.

Returning to the airport, one of the officers pointed out to Father Quirk and Mr. Ludden a distant mountain range where Father Donovan's body had been discovered. The two expressed their desire to visit the spot, but were advised not to do so. Upon their return to Mukden, they were met at the airport by an official of Hsinking Foreign Office who expressed condolences in the name of the Government.

On Monday, February 14, the body was conveyed by military truck from Huaijen to Fushun, with an escort of some 25 soldiers, arriving at the Fushun military barracks at about 5:30 P.M. Fathers McCormack and Gilbert were present to receive it, together with the Mayor of Fushun, the Chief of Police and a number of military officials. It was striking to see how tenderly the Japanese carried our Father Gerard in the casket they had provided,

MANY MISSIONERS UNDERGO HARDSHIPS, BUT THE CONSOLATIONS OF THEIR

a casket lined with soft straw and covered with white cloth. Again his remains were enshrined in flowers.

Each official, in order of seniority, with the deep solemnity which marks the Oriental on such an occasion, made a profound bow before the body. The procession then formed, the highest ranking officers leading the automobile containing the body, which was followed by the Fathers and the officials of lower rank. At the door of our mission church I met the body with assisting ministers, cross bearer, and two acolytes, conducting it into the church, where it was blessed. All of the officials remained for the service.

Two doctors examined the remains, Dr. J. E. Miracle and Dr. A. V. Knack, both of Mukden. Their conclusions you already know by cable, namely, that death was due to garroting, probably after a blow on the side of the head to render the poor priest insensible. Let us draw a curtain of reverential silence over the further details which the examination revealed. Suffice it to say that there was eloquent testimony that Father Gerard endured months of suffering from cold and hunger.

The wood carvers of the mission built a casket of Manila cypress and cut on it a *Chi Rho* at the head, and

Of Father Donovan, M. M.

O H, pity not this fallen one,
This eager one with ravaged
frame—
For, falling low, he scaled the
heights
To bear his torch in deathless
flame!

But oh! that he might pity us,
Who, glimpsing stars, still walk
in night—
That he might strike our earth-
bound souls
With restless fire of burnished
light!

—Marguerite Gilbert,
Washington, D. C.

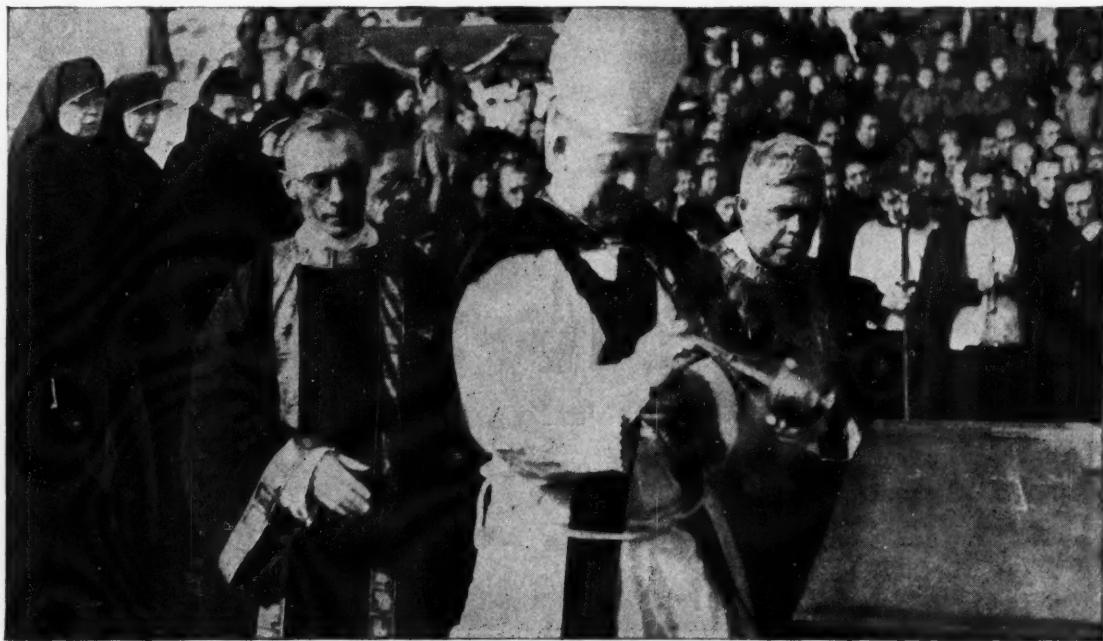
a crown of thorns at the foot. There was a plain plate at the top, with the carved inscription: *Gerardus A. Donovan, M.M.—1904-1938 R.I.P.* Sister Gloria with the women of the mission lined the casket with soft white silk and shirred it like the lining of a tabernacle. On top lay his biretta and purple stole. Priests, Brothers, Sisters

Below: Monsignor Lane blesses the remains before the temporary interment. He is assisted by Fathers Booth and Hunt, Maryknollers from the nearby Prefecture of Peng Yang, Korea.

and Christians kept vigil, as he rested at the foot of the altar, and day and night from the arrival of the remains until the Solemn Mass of Requiem, Wednesday morning. On that morning, the day of the temporary interment before the departure of the remains for America, each of his fellow missionaries in turn celebrated Mass successively from 1 A.M., until the hour of the funeral at 10:30.

Bishop Gaspais of Kirin, the Acting Papal Delegate for Manchukuo, Bishop Blois of Mukden, and representatives of the other missions of Manchukuo, were present for the Mass, together with Mr. John Davies, Acting American Consul General for Manchukuo, and Mr. Ludden accompanied by his wife. About 20 official representatives of the Japanese and Manchukuan civil, military, and police department participated in the services. These were seated at the head of each aisle in places reserved for them. Our mourning Christians occupied every inch of the remainder of the church.

I took the occasion to preach a eulogy of Father Donovan in Manchu dialect, in which I reminded the Christians of his love for his people, his utter willingness to go where he was sent, and his happy spirit which kept a smile ever



HAPPY LIFE OUTSHINE THE DARKER SIDE. — Bishop James Anthony Walsh.

so handy. This sermon concluded, I spoke briefly in Japanese for the benefit of the officials and other sympathizers present, explaining the Catholic doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and of the resurrection of the body, thanking them for their extreme kindness to us during our time of trial. Bishop Gaspais gave the absolution. The body was then conveyed across the river to Hopei in a military truck specially provided by the army for the occasion, followed by twelve cars.

Through the courtesy of the local police, the entire road from the bridge to the cemetery was cleared of people and a military guard placed every hundred feet. The soldiers had their backs turned to the funeral cortege, and none moved from this position of respect until the funeral had passed each given point. On the summit of the mountain over which Father Donovan was taken by his kidnapers last October, a guard of honor likewise stood at attention, holding position until all had left the cemetery. I gave the absolution, while Bishop Gaspais and Bishop Blois sprinkled the casket with holy water. At the words "I am the Resurrection and the Life" it was good to recall that as children of the Church militant and triumphant we are all united, that all Christendom both on this side and beyond the grave feels proud of the little Maryknoll family that in Father Gerard possesses so glorious a son.



Above: Monsignor Lane talking to Colonel Kato, head of the military police of Manchukuo, who attended the obsequies.

Below: Youngsters of Fushun gather about the coffin, which was hurriedly constructed as a work of love by mission woodcarvers aided by the Maryknoll Sisters.

Sisters Veronica Marie, Andre, and Maria prepared the temporary resting place and, stationed as they are in the nearby convent, are able to visit the remains often. I must pay a warm tribute of praise to our brave Maryknoll Sisters of the Fushun Prefecture who have proven such stalwarts during these trying days. Sister Peter, their

superior, has informed me that each night henceforth they will recite Compline in memory of Father Donovan for the safety of our priests, many of whom are in difficult places. God bless them and continue to enrich their apostolic hearts!

So we brought our confrere back to the very spot from which he was taken some four months ago, back to Hopei to be received by those who love him and who shall miss him. We mourn his tragic passing, but we rejoice in the thought of his sufferings and sacrifice. May his soul rest in peace; may he remember those he has left behind to do the work he loved so much.



WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED YOUR ROSARY, ADD ONE

The Old Man of Yungfu

"Come and see," said the priest, and Michael came, long before Father Francis Keelan, of Waverly, Mass., was born. But Father was with him over the last mile.



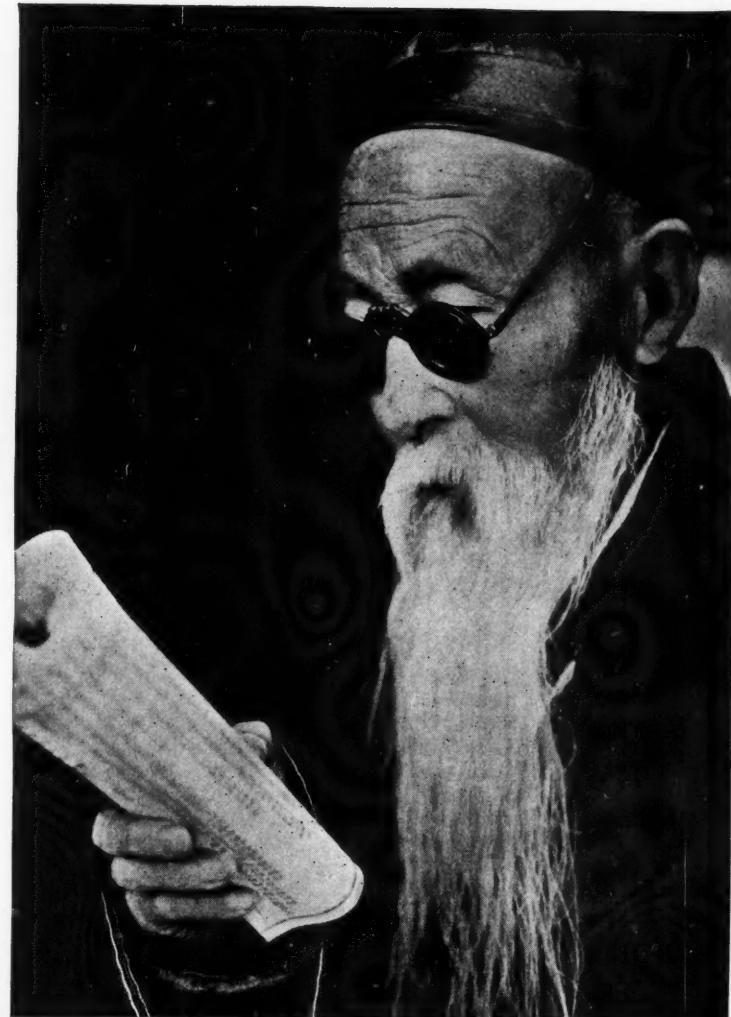
LD Mike Li was dead. Michael was the oldest Christian in the oldest mission in the Kweilin section. His years numbered eighty-seven.

More than 40 years ago, when the Paris Foreign Missioners opened the mission of Yungfu, or *Everlasting Happiness* as the name signifies, they lodged themselves in a small, two-story shack on a narrow alley. It was flanked on either side by houses of similar construction. There was not much privacy, for only a thin wooden partition separated one house from another, and the cracks between the planks were a constant temptation to the "knothole gang."

One of the neighbors was attracted by the sound of the *Sanctus* bell and asked the missioner what it was about. "Come and see!" said the priest. Next morning when the *Sanctus* bell tinkled, a middle-aged man looked on from a corner of the little room that served as chapel, and Our Lord looked out upon the first Yungfu resident to attend Mass.

The people of *Everlasting Happiness* were not pleased to hear that Li Ming was frequenting the foreign church. When their arguments were of no avail, they became abusive and even threatened violence. Li Ming was compelled to flee to the mountains, where he found refuge among a small group of aborigines, all of whom later became Christians.

When the first Maryknoll missioner came to *Everlasting Happiness* to take over the mission from the French Fa-



The *Sanctus* bell called Michael; thereafter, unswerving fidelity.

thers, this same Li Ming, now Michael Li and an old man, hobbled out on crutches to meet him, took off his cap, and knelt down for his blessing.

Michael occupied the front seat in chapel every morning. Once he fell over during Mass, and we thought he would witness the rest of the Holy Sacrifice with the angels, but he came around all right. After getting over the spell he said, "Shen Foo, the Lord can take me anytime He wishes: my sight is growing dimmer each day, my hearing is practically gone, and I can

hardly walk. I feel that I am a burden." The missioner assured him that he would never complain if all his burdens were as light as this one.

The last time I saw this lovable old man was at the gate, when I was starting out to visit some Christians in the mountains. As I passed through the gate he knelt down there, as he always did when the priest was going away for a while, and said, "May God protect you, Shen Foo!" A week later a message came to me saying that he was dead.

OUR FATHER AND THREE HAIL MARYS FOR ALL MISSIONERS.

With a Junk Ride for a Honeymoon

Father Joseph Lavin, of Framingham, Mass., describes a joyous event, the first marriage among the orphans of Loting. The bride and groom went a-junking, and the missioner smiled in the sun.



HIS morning Clotilde Lo, one of our orphans, was united in marriage to Mr. Peter Faan of To Shing.

The engagement and wedding had a modern touch. Mr. Faan came to Loting looking for a wife. Clotilde and he met; it was love at first sight. Mr. Faan then went to town, bought a gold engagement ring, and put it on the middle finger of Clotilde's left hand. This signified a formal engagement.

Money is an important factor in the marriage of Chinese girls. The usual price varies from eighty to three hundred dollars. Our standard price for an orphan is ninety-six dollars. According to Chinese custom, the boy's parents give the money to the parents of the girl. In this case, the orphanage was the recipient. This money is used to buy clothes, jewelry and blankets for the girl.

The church was packed for the ceremony. At least 350 pagans came out of curiosity to see the Catholic wedding ceremony. When all were assembled in church, the bride, bridesmaid (also one of our orphans), and the two little train bearers who managed the long

veil, came up from the orphanage and met the bridegroom and best man at the church door. The men walked together, and the lady with her attendants followed up the middle aisle, while

Above: Sister Richard played "Here Comes the Bride" and gravely bowed her congratulations after Mass.

Below: The pastor, when all was over, sat and smiled in the sun.



Sister Mary Richard played "Here Comes the Bride."

The wedding apparel was simple. The bridegroom wore a long, blue, silk Chinese *shaam*. The bride's outfit was made of pink silk spotted with flowers. She wore a long, flowing, white veil with a crown of multicolored roses.

The nuptial Mass began at seven o'clock. The bride's "I will" came forth prompt and clear and could be heard by all present. A silver ring was blessed and placed on the third finger of the bride's left hand. In China it is customary not to bless the expensive gold ring, because later in life, if in pecuniary straits, they can sell the expensive gold ring and retain the marriage ring of silver.

High Mass added much solemnity to the occasion. The orphans sang the Mass and a Chinese hymn at the Offerory. A short sermon on the sanctity and obligations of the married state gave everybody, even the pagans, something to think about.

After Mass the newly married couple paid their respects with many bows. Besides photographing the formal group pictures, in which everyone must look decorously serious, the camera man caught the happy bride off ceremony bestowing a beautiful smile on Sister Richard.

After a hearty breakfast, good-bys and tears were on the schedule. Then the happy couple with the best man and his wife took an auto over the long rocky road to the river. There, the honeymooners boarded a tattered-sailed junk and went off up the river to To Shing, where Mr. Faan had furnished and garnished a new, little one-room home.

This was the first Nuptial Mass at Loting. Its solemnity made a great impression on the Christians as well as on the pagans. No doubt, some of the pagans who witnessed it will follow up this first impression of Catholic ceremonies by attending Mass again. Certainly the Lord will follow up too with His grace.

SUPPORT A MISSIONER AT ONE DOLLAR A DAY,

OUT TO WIN!

Father Stanislaus Ziembra, of Buffalo, N. Y., says youngsters the world over are all of a cloth—they hunger to come out first.



PRING brings our annual field day, not only in T'ung Hua but throughout the Japanese Empire. You would find it immensely interesting because you would discover how much the sports and the youngsters who engage in the sports remind one of the U.S.A.

The events this year began at the city's central playground at half-past eight and, except for a short stop for lunch, continued until eight o'clock in the evening. We did not expect our boys and girls to carry off any honors, as our school has an enrollment of but 114; our school compound is too small for any practice, and with the exception of five or six, we have no huskies or "naturals" who could promise an outstanding performance.

Nevertheless, several handled themselves very nicely. One of our girls won two races and took one second and one third place. Two boys came in first in their races, while three little girls each took a third place in their contests. Finally, a tiny shaver who is one of our altar boys snatched away second place in a thrilling race among the smallest of the tots.

Right: A basket?

Below: Hop, skip, and jump!



What caught my attention most throughout the day was the wild eagerness of the youngsters to win. In that they are neither peculiarly Manchu-

kuoan, nor Japanese, nor Oriental—they are but children of the human race, with a characteristic common to old and young everywhere under the sun.

I gave each of those who won a small prize, and in my enthusiasm added a consolation prize for each who participated without gaining a place. Sports in the Orient are a healthy pastime, engaging the young in harmless enterprises rather than leaving them free for mischief. Both pastor and children are determined to do even better next year.

Manchukuo to the Fallen One

Chinese Christians throughout Manchukuo have brought to their various pastors hundreds of Mass stipends as suffrages for the repose of the soul of Father Gerard Donovan, Maryknoller slain while laboring among them.

Particularly touching was a carefully prepared testimonial on red paper bound in black, a spiritual bouquet from the students of the Maryknoll Seminary at Hopei, whence Father Gerard was kidnaped.

Father Donovan, dead, lives on in the hearts of the Christians who loved him.



Sports today are part of the apostolate; youngsters at play in Maryknoll mission compounds.

FOR AT LEAST ONE DAY DURING MAY.

Brother Barnabas Talks It Out

By Sister Mary Immaculata, O.P.



BROTHER BARNABAS trudged homeward with the cows. A weighty problem occupied his mind, a problem which required solving before another day should pass. From the bulging pocket of his overalls he drew a ponderous watch and discovered with relief that there was still a half hour until milking time.

The westering sun shone invitingly on a small grass-grown mound. With a few grunts, for age was taking its toll of him, Brother Barnabas sank wearily to the ground and made of the mound a back-rest. gingerly he stretched a rheumatic knee. His thoughts proved as painful as his limbs; he felt inexplicably lonely, too.

Another May had come and was almost gone, yet no special gift had Brother Barnabas offered to the Virgin Mother as was his custom. True, he said extra rosaries and ejaculations daily, but the special gift he had planned for the Blessed Queen of Heaven had not materialized. The air was sweet with the scent of late apple blossoms, and he inhaled it appreciatively.

"I wonder what St. Joseph gave her in Maytime when they lived in the little house of Nazareth," queried Brother to himself. "Ah, there was a man for you!" And as he fell to thinking of this other good friend, Brother Barnabas saw the Saint himself come trudging up the path.

"Good evening, Brother Barnabas," said St. Joseph.

"Good evening, St. Joseph," responded the Brother, struggling to rise in order to greet his guest respectfully. A kindly, work-worn hand restrained him.

"Don't get up, Brother," said the Saint. "I'll just sit here beside you for a little while."

"Glory to Heaven, St. Joseph!" beamed Brother Barnabas. "'Tis an answer to prayer you are. Here I am, puzzling my brains with thinking of a gift for your dear Lady. Each May-

time I try to make her a special present, but 'tis late I am this year. Last time, I built her a rustic shrine down by the old creek. The boys have a fine time swimming there in the summer, and I like to think she looks after them."

"And so she does," confirmed St. Joseph. "But you look very worried, Brother," he added with concern. "After all, you have done much for the dear Lady Mary, and right now I can see a bit of her rosary sticking out of your pocket. You have given her many a prayerful offering."

"True for you, St. Joseph," sighed Brother Barnabas, "but then you know how it is: woman-like, she might want an extra present once in a while. To be perfectly honest with you, St. Joseph, I'm a bit down and out."

"I'm sorry to hear that," remarked the Saint kindly. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"Maybe it's the 'Ould Boy' jabbing his pitchfork in my ribs," said Brother, mournfully, "but of late the black sorrow has come over me, St. Joseph, and I can't seem to get rid of it. My, but it's good to talk to a man like yourself! You always did have the kindly ear and the helping hand. What bothers me most," he continued, "is that here I've been, over twenty years, and I've not even set my foot on the mission field. True, I mightn't be much good in those pagan lands, but I'd like to have a try at it."

"I can understand your disappointment," sympathized St. Joseph, "but have you ever thought, Brother, of how difficult you might find life in a strange country? You are not so young, you know."

"'Tis true, I suppose," acquiesced Brother Barnabas. "But that isn't all that bothers me. Sometimes, St. Joseph," he confided in a sad undertone, "sometimes it seems as though I just don't matter. Only the other day I made a bookcase for Father Prior . . . I'm a carpenter, too," he announced with a ring of pride in his voice as he

gazed at the saintly representative of that profession.

St. Joseph gave him a fraternal nod.

"Well," continued Brother Barnabas, "I finished off that bookcase until it was smoother than a piece of satin, gave it a nice coat of stain and varnish, and placed it in the Prior's study. He was sitting at his desk. 'Here's your bookcase, your Reverence,' I said, thinking of course he'd be pleased. . . ."

"And of course he was," interjected St. Joseph.

"'Tis a funny way of showing it, he has then," retorted Brother with some asperity. "Not even a 'Thank you' did he give me. All he said was 'Uh-huh,' and 'Grrumph'—just like a bear."

"Perhaps he was preparing a sermon," soothed St. Joseph.

"Maybe, maybe," conceded Brother Barnabas. "Now that I come to think of it, he did look kind of wild and bothered, and there were plenty of books and papers about him. But that isn't all," he rushed on, glad of this opportunity to release his mental pressure. "There's young Brother Timothy; he's a great hand at teasing. I know he's young and full of spirits, but sometimes he can be mighty annoying, especially when I'm tired."

"It's just because people are thoughtless, Brother," consoled St. Joseph. "That is what the Lady Mary used to say when I returned from a weary tramp without the pay which people had promised to give for my work."

"I'm the one that's thoughtless," moaned Brother Barnabas. "Here I started out asking you about a Maytime gift for the Lady Mary, and instead I tell you all my troubles. Forgive me, St. Joseph," he pleaded, "I don't often go on like this."

"Sometimes it helps to get things off your chest, as they say these days. Now about that gift for the Lady Mary. I think I have an idea. Have you a nice dairy, Brother?"

"One of the finest in the country," came the quick response. "Of course, it hasn't all those new-fangled mechani-

cal contraptions that some dairies have; they (jerking a finger towards the monastery) couldn't afford it. But we have the nicest cows in the country, if I do say so myself, and I keep them well fed, and as clean as a whistle. We have a pretty good separator," he went on, "and, some day, if someone gives us an extra dose of money, we may get an electric churner. Then we could have our own butter. Oh, it's a nice dairy, St. Joseph, but I could easily do with more help," said the now volatile Brother. "But what has that got to do with a gift for Our Lady?" he queried perplexedly.

"Now listen, Brother," commanded St. Joseph. "You know how necessary milk is for human beings, whether or not they drink it or cook it in their food."

Brother Barnabas nodded an affirmative head.

"Now," continued St. Joseph, "here is where you come in. Why don't you sacrifice your disappointment in not being sent to the missions, and as a gift to the Lady Mary try to make your dairy absolutely *Grade A*? Tell her you will do your part toward sending out healthy young apostles to do her

I, a missionary priest or nun! Why not? Think it over.

Son's work, by having the finest mission dairy in the country."

"That's a wonderful idea, St. Joseph!" exclaimed Brother Barnabas, now thoroughly cheered. "And maybe," he volunteered, "I could name the dairy (if Father Prior will let me) after your little home town in Galilee."

"We shall be honored indeed," smiled St. Joseph as he rose from his place. "Now I must be getting along," he told Brother Barnabas, who was struggling to rise. "Stay where you are, Brother. When you are on my side of Eternity you will feel much spryer."

"I can't thank you enough, St. Joseph," said Brother Barnabas, determined to bid his guest a courteous farewell. But St. Joseph had already gone, and struggle as he might, Brother Barnabas could not move. Something seemed to be pressing him down. He twisted about again, then managed a more erect position. His eyes blinked unbeliev-

"You've certainly made me ashamed of myself," mused Brother Barnabas to Our Lady. "Sure 'tis yourself has made me a present for Maytime."

ingly. All about him the sky was translucent with the flaming gold of sunset. Covering him was a heavy overcoat, and on it was pinned a note:

"Don't worry, Brother Sleepy-head. I milked the cows.

"Brother Timothy."

"God bless the lad," murmured the old Brother as he rose painfully to his feet, "and forgive me for rashly judging him. And to think it was only a dream! But I'm sure the good God sent it to me," he told himself.

The next day, all unknown to the subject of discussion, the Prior and his council "went into a huddle" over Brother Barnabas. After discussing the old Brother's failing health, they assigned him two assistants. One was the mischievous Brother Timothy, who within a short time under the direction of a repentant and overjoyed old Brother, affix'd over the barn a neatly designed sign, "Nazareth Mission Dairy."

"You've certainly made me ashamed of myself," prayed Brother Barnabas in the direction of a newly erected Lady Shrine. "Sure 'tis yourself has made me a present for Maytime, not I for you." The cows mooed softly in assent as he led them out to pasture.



THE WORLD WOULD BE CHRIST'S IN OUR OWN GENERATION.



AN twenty-five priests teach twenty-five catechists between sick calls, baptisms, and mission visitations, as efficiently as one man who devotes himself exclusively to that work? The answer to that question here in Kaying led to the foundation of a school for catechists.

Ordinarily the mission pastor selects and trains his own catechists. He finds this difficult because of the countless demands on his time. Since our school opened, the pastor has only to select a Christian with the requisite character and talents and send him here to be educated.

The student must study and pass stiff examinations in the New Testament, portions of the Old Testament, the five-volume Catechism, Church History, Apologetics, Preaching, the Refutation of Paganism, Encyclical of the Holy See on Labor and Education, the ceremonies of the Church and their meaning. The time is limited to a year and a half. He then graduates, not a fin-

ished product, but with a good start and a working knowledge of the most essential subjects.

A Maryknoll Father, assisted by a Chinese layman, graduate of a Catholic college in Shanghai, staffs our catechist school. The upkeep of the school mounts to about \$800 a year. Wealthy men, willing to be catechists, appear about as frequently as Halley's comet; tuition from the sons of struggling farmers, in which class all of our students belong, is out of the question. So we trust our good provider, Providence, and our friends at home to take care of our budget.

The students themselves indicate in many little ways a desire to pay if they could. Not least was the incident last Christmas, when the question of joining

WHAT is especially needful for a continued and increasing success of the mission movement is the action of priests, informing and stimulating that of the laity.—Bishop James Anthony Walsh.

The Professor Speaks

Father Raymond P. Quinn, of Monterey Park, Calif., tells us how lay apostles prepare for the fray at the Kaying Catechist School.

the Society for the Propagation of the Faith came up. The Kaying Director of the Society said, "If our future catechists don't all join, what can we expect of the others?"

When the matter was proposed to them, the catechists agreed that there should be, and that there would be, a one-hundred-per-cent enrollment of the students.

"We have no money here," they said, "but after New Years' vacation we will try to bring back the dollar for the dues."

When the students returned from vacation, each had a hard-luck story. Not one had brought back a dollar. Their sorrow was equaled only by that of their director, who had confidently advanced the requisite number of dollars to the S.P.F.

Suddenly someone had an idea. Suppose the *Shen Foo* deduct a certain amount each day from the sum ordinarily spent on food. They kept the agreement faithfully and joined the S.P.F. at the sacrifice of some of their none-too-ample supply of rice. One newcomer who had entered the Society in his home town offered a problem. It was solved by his gallant statement that the mortification would be good for him.

Looking back on the school's few years of existence, can one say it has achieved its purpose? A goodly percentage of the graduates are already acting as catechists. Others are waiting only until the budget of the pastor permits his hiring them. Meanwhile, they are certainly exerting a good influence in their home villages, in casual contacts with pagans who are interested in the Church. Doubtless they give a certain tone, as does any zealous, well-informed layman anywhere, to the surrounding Catholicity.

WOULD YOU PERPETUATE THE MEMORY OF A LOVED ONE? WRITE US FOR

Wing On of the Sampans

Father James Gilloegly, of Scranton, Penna., meets a little friend at the ferry and thereby peeps into a floating Catholic home.



T was a typical tropical day. The sun was beaming down with a vengeance out of a hazy blue sky. A flotilla of sampans cluttered up the tiny inlet of the sea, lying motionless on the water. It was too warm for anything to move.

I sat down in the sultry, humid shade of some rocks that sprawled out along the beach. There I saw a little Chinese girl curled up in the sand like a kitten. She was nibbling on a piece of sugar cane, the lollipop of Chinese children. I watched her as she attacked from every possible angle the remaining two and a half inches of the delicious stick.

"How does it taste?" I asked, as the last bit of sugar cane disappeared.

I forgot all about the heat, she was so interesting. Her name was Wing On, which means Eternal Peace. Her family were part of the huge population that rides abreast the monsoons on the South China Sea. They are the sampan people. She remarked with an air of satisfaction that her entire family was Catholic.

As the afternoon advanced, Wing On confided to me the one desire of her young life. She spent at least twenty minutes trying to make me understand what it was she wanted most in all the

world. But it wasn't until she fingered out an uncertain replica in the sand that I understood.

"Oh, a rosary!" I exclaimed, and pulled my own out of my pocket to verify the guess.

"Hai, hai!" she said triumphantly.

The sun was beginning to cast long shadows before we even thought of the time. The sampans began to show signs of life, some of them coming in close to the beach. Wing On gazed fixedly out to where her own sampan-home lay anchored. Her small brother was arranging some bamboo poles at the stern. It was time for her to go. A few minutes later Wing On was luggering two five-gallon tins full of water out to the little boat her brother had sculled in to the shore.

At about ten o'clock that night the No. 5 typhoon signal went up in Hong Kong. From my room I could see the two warning lights blink out to sea. The sky looked murky and threatening in the faint moonlight that glimmered in the east. The sampan fleet was well out to sea by this time, unaware of the

Above: Wing On as she ferried at Aberdeen.

Below: Wing On atop the deck of a Catholic sampan home.



typhoon signal in Hong Kong. True, they would read the danger written in the sky, but would they have time to run back to safety before that roaring wind hit them? I tumbled into bed that night with an extra prayer for Wing On and her people. The rosary she wanted was there on my desk.

Three weeks have passed since that terrible typhoon. The rosary is in my pocket, where it inspires a fading hope that some day I'll run into Wing On and give it to her. Her sampan never came back to the beach where we had that gay, laughing afternoon together.



SUGGESTIONS FOR MEMORIALS IN THIS COUNTRY OR IN THE ORIENT.

THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

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**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**



MARY was the first and truest missioner, her life exemplifying exactly, and portraying perfectly, the role of those who would advance the cause of Christ. She presented her Divine Son to the world, and she kept herself in the background. "This is My beloved Son; hear Him" was the message of the Heavenly Father to the world. "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye," echoes Mary at the first public appearance of that same Divine Son, who was sent to save the world. No sentiment would she express other than that unique direction given by Heaven itself. For the rest, Mary kept all these things pondering them in her heart, realizing that the scope of her action was simply to give Christ to the world, who is Himself the Missioner. She did this perfectly, and we do it less imperfectly by the same understanding of this essential function.

Christ converts the world, and the missioner, like Mary, sinks himself in a selfless devotion that serves as a foil to expose the infinite beauty of the one Protagonist, who is Christ. Mary is the Mother of Missions for many reasons, but one of them is because she first crystallized the typical role of the missioner in her own person.



ZEAL with humor is a good prescription for the missioner, and it is one that was everlastingly inculcated by the Founders of Mary-

knoll, who wanted their followers to take their work seriously and themselves less seriously. They trained their missioners to labor for the triumph of a cause bigger than themselves, while schooling them to laugh at their own personal defeat that was part of the spiritual victory. This was also good theology, since it was their role to plant and water, and that of God to give the increase. Sometimes indeed they were to sow in tears that others might reap in joy, although they themselves were not to be without the occasional joy of a laugh at their own expense.



Mary at the Knoll

This May finds us with a new shrine to Our Lady at the Knoll. At the Sisters' Motherhouse, Mary Immaculate carved in marble stands in a rocky retreat sacred to Knollers as a place of prayer used by Father Price. The shrine is dedicated to the memory of Maryknoll's other Founder, Bishop Walsh, whom the Sisters' branch of the family regards in a special manner as spiritual father.



AMONG mission methods there is that of ringing doorbells. A pastor who took his responsibilities seriously adopted the method and kept it up for thirty years. He considered himself sent to all the souls within the topographical limits of his parish, regardless of whether they had ever seen a Roman collar before or not. He met many rebuffs at first, but an interest in souls steered him to continue. Gradually the doors opened wider, and today he is welcome in every home in his jurisdiction, Catholic or pagan, Jew or Greek, bond or free. Some converts, many

THE FIELD AFAR, Maryknoll

friends, and a universal acquaintanceship with the Church and its Shepherd have constituted the net results. It is a method that smacks of the mission field, where the principle is to go out into the highways and byways and compel them to come in.



THE spotlight turns to the Far

East as strife and conflict convulse that corner of a seething world, and we read daily accounts from interested observers who strive to chronicle the pros and cons. It is not an easy assignment, and the best efforts should be taken with a heavy admixture of salt. The Orient itself understands this, being long cognizant of the difficulties inherent in any attempt to give a clear picture of its involved affairs. A healthy skepticism of its much respected press is an Oriental birthright that all might share. Meanwhile the missioners who really know what is going on are too busy making history to write about it. There is something eloquent in this silence that impresses more than the shrieking headlines of the daily press. It tells a story of devotion that he who runs may read.

Brushing Away Cobwebs

THE farmer grows grain without fully understanding the process. All he needs to know about the soil is that it will sprout the grain if he plants it under certain conditions. This he learned by the trial-and-error method. The missioner can also plant his seed after the same fashion and he has every assurance that some fruit will result. He knows both from faith and experience that the preaching of the doctrine, accompanied by the grace of God, is very likely to bear fruit in almost any human soul. Without any further analysis, therefore, he can proceed to do his work, confident of a certain success.

When all is said and done, however, it is a crude method. On the objective side anybody can learn all about mission work in half an hour. All he needs to do is to sit down and read a

The Holy Father's Mission Intention for May, 1938

That the students of Catholic schools may be taught about the missions.

BLESSED MOTHER AND VIRGIN

UNDEFENDED, GLORIOUS QUEEN

book which details the time honored methods in vogue in the Church. These methods are bound to produce certain results. However, what about the subjects to which these methods are to be applied? What about the souls to be reached? Will he make no distinction whatever in his missionary approach to the soul of a cultured European artist and that of an African jungle dweller? The same seed is intended for both and the same grace will operate on both, but both seed and grace will have a better chance if the subject is first understood. In this respect mission work becomes a more complicated process.

Anthropology, properly understood, is that part of mission work which endeavors to understand the subject of the mission experiment. While we can hope to influence people without understanding them, we can surely take many short cuts to the end in view and secure the desired results with much less friction and false motions, if we take the time beforehand to understand the subject. If a man wishes to influence the Oriental mind to the full, surely his best approach is to study and understand the civilization, culture, tradition, and background of that same mind; because all these factors will condition and color every judgment he makes, including his reception of the divine message. To ignore the state of his mind is to make the work harder. To ask him to accept Christianity as a revelation straight from the sky on the grounds of direct logic is to expect an objectivity of mind on his part which few people possess. It is forgetting entirely the thousand and one obstacles that must be brushed aside, the thousand and one allowances that must be made before the divine truth can find a ready entrance and a settled and happy acceptance in his puzzled mind.

It is true that in studying the culture of others, in the sense of Anthropology, there is a classical danger to be guarded against. It has not always been avoided and this has brought Anthropology into some disrepute with missionaries. The danger is that of piling up details of knowledge without relating them to anything of a practical nature. No knowledge is useless, but often its usefulness is not apparent and must be pointed out.



Shrine of Mary Immaculate, Sisters' Motherhouse, Maryknoll.

Anthropology labors to some extent under the same difficulty that is encountered by the proponent of any specialized knowledge, and thus has incurred the same criticism that is reserved for the efforts of those who seek Ph.D. degrees. The Relation of Sunshine to the Behavior of the Gophers in the Imperial Valley is perhaps a useful branch of knowledge, but it will not surprise any-

body if the writer of such a thesis is asked the question: Now that you have assembled this information, what are you going to do with it? The greatest need of Anthropology is the coordinating sense that will make practical application of all the various details of human behavior that are assembled. Anthropology can be a waste of time for the missionary, or it can be a tremendous practical help. The mistake has been to discover and establish facts about people without going the further step of saying what they mean. In the sense above described, however, Anthropology should be a precious aid to the missionary, because it will point the way to his understanding of the mentality he seeks to influence.

Understanding is the great leaven that makes all men one. In Heaven we shall understand each other, and the mind of the Mongolian shepherd and the Oxford professor will at last be open books to each other. Indeed this clear light was a characteristic of the Garden of Eden, and it was doubtless part of God's plan that we should understand each other even here below. With understanding coming first, all His Divine lessons that unite man in the common brotherhood would have been accepted and appreciated automatically. Original Sin reversed the process. Now the understanding is to be brought about not as a preliminary, but as a result of the spread of His Gospel that reconciles all things in itself. The mild internationalism inculcated by mutual understanding on the part of the various peoples of the globe is surely the best preparation for peace, just as it is a concomitant of the Gospel of Peace. Sons of a common Father, we have much in common, and it is by understanding and realizing the little superficial differences that separate us, that we can come to dwell upon our common heritage and seek our essential unity in it.

Anthropology should, therefore, help to brush away the cobwebs that tarnish the mirror of our common humanity and thus establish the grounds for the real understanding that will expose clearly the great brotherhood of man common to all the races of the earth.

Sixty Million Pic-a-

Throughout China, Japan, Korea, and Manchukuo much of childhood is spent in the care of the father, mother, grandpa, or grandma.



CERTAIN corners of the world are celebrated for their many children. Piazza Navona in Rome, for instance, is known from top to bottom of Italy, and far beyond the borders, for its child life.

Those of us who know the East figure that there is a Piazza Navona in every city and village. Everywhere children abound; if we can take the statistician's figures, a stream of sixty million new lives, from one day to four years old, is flowing constantly into the Orient's human sea.

In sections of the great cities and in villages of the poorer areas there is squalor and dirt which take the charm from everything,

even childhood. However, if we consider the Orient as a whole we find that children occupy the same place in men's hearts and in the world about them that they possess in the West. Their prattle delights the fond father, and their quaint winsomeness hypnotizes the devoted mother.

What of Infanticide?

One who knows China merely by hearsay will ask about infanticide. We may answer by explaining that there are sectors of the country where the destruction of the young becomes temporarily a practice due to famine or flood or other calamity. Despite this, it is false to suppose that there is any widespread unnaturalness on the part of the Chinese regarding their young. A Maryknoller in South China, Father Maurice Feeney, an Albany priest working at Yeungkong, wrote recently on precisely this subject.



Upper left: Feet out, head in; a South Chinese Johnny delivers a basket of eggs while little sister snoozes as she rides.

Above: A Manchu Tom Sawyer with brother up. What thrilling experiences brother undergoes daily, behind his mischievous bearer!

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Pick-a-backers

children spent tied atop big brother, big sister, pa, or pima.

"How about the mothers who carry with their girl babies?" asks Father Feeney. "Are they not heartless and without affection? Just a minute, dear man, the case is not quite so simple as all that.

"I admit that sometimes among the very poor, who are also misguided by idol-worship and other superstitions, there are cases of girl babies being done away with. But to that it is the mother's heart that makes the sacrifice is my something which I do believe."

"To that Chinese mothers are heartless and without affection to state what is not so in and day out I walk the streets and visit hospitals, see mothers fondling and kissing their girl babies every day as I stand in the nursery I see mothers caring their afflicted

daughters on their backs, caring tenderly for their ugly stenching sores.

"The heart of the Chinese mother is the same as the heart of every other mother throughout the world—full of love for her offspring. In those few cases where the poverty-stricken, devil-advised family destroys its baby girl, we may be sure that it is not the mother's lack of feeling that accounts for the sacrifice."

Pick-a-back—

Best proof, to the mind of many of us, that the Chinese devote themselves to their children is the pick-a-back ride. Were the small members of the family forgotten, they would be allowed to lie all day in a cradle or on the floor. Instead they are bundled onto the backs of big brother or big sister or grand-



Above: Winter time pick-a-backing in Korea. Big sister's broad shoulders form an excellent wind break.

Left: A Kyoto grandpa goes out with the family pet to hunt cherry blossoms.

pa or grandma, or even of father or mother, and thus they have company and movement and a degree of attention from dawn till dark.

Pick-a-backing is a universal custom in the Orient. Someone's back can almost always be found, and thus a very great part of the early years of every child is spent riding.

Sometimes we find pick-a-back youngsters in very strange, ludicrous, dangerous plights. I have discovered boys playing football with young brothers or young sisters faced to their backs. In the slums one finds women carrying enormous loads on their heads, with babies on their backs. I saw a woman on an ocean junk far out in the harbor, on an outrigging,

transferring freight, her child on her back, unmindful that if it became loosened there was nothing between it and the briny deep.

Both men and women come to church and go to Communion with children on their backs. People do their marketing, work about the yard, labor in the fields, go fishing, row boats, drive mules, attend weddings and funerals, eat their meals, conduct their shops, travel, gossip, go to the theater, in short do all but lie down to sleep, all the while with their doll-like babes mounted in place on their backs.

In the East, the human back is baby's throne; on it, it rides through life's pioneer years. Perhaps the Chinese are so knowing because this formative period of their lives has been spent seeing, hearing, lisping atop a back rather than in a cradle or within the cloistered walls of home.



**Maryknoll Fields
in South China**

KAYING

THE MISSION: Vicariate of Kaying, Kwangtung Province, South China, 15,000 square miles in area, three times the size of Connecticut. Population 2,600,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Most Rev. Francis X. Ford, D.D., *Vicar Apostolic*, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Frs. Quinn and Rhodes, of Calif.; Fr. C. Murphy, of Conn.; Fr. O'Brien, of Ill.; Frs. Bush, Callan, Donaghy, Gallagher and Welch, of Mass.; Frs. Dennis, Hilbert, Madigan, P. Malone, T. Malone, Slattery, Van den Bogaard and Youker, of N. Y.; Frs. F. Donnelly, T. Donovan, Downs, Driscoll, J. McCormick and J. O'Donnell, of Pa.; Fr. O'Day, of R. I.; Fr. Eckstein, of Wis.; and Fr. M. Murphy, of Canada.

Central address: See page 149.

KONGMOON

THE MISSION: Vicariate of Kongmoon, Kwangtung Province, South China, 40,000 square miles in area, the size of Ohio. Population 6,000,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Most Rev. A. J. Paschang, D.D., *Vicar Apostolic*, of Martinsburg, Mo.; Frs. Kennedy, J. Sweeney and James Smith, of Conn.; Fr. Churchill, of Iowa; Fr. Farren, of Md.; Frs. Cairns, Chatigny, F. Connors, J. Fitzgerald, Lavin, Lima, Paulhus, and J. Toomey, of Mass.; Frs. Muett and Rauschenbach, of Mo.; Frs. Burke, Feeney, John T. Joyce, North and J. Smith, of N. Y.; Fr. C. Burns and Bro. Lawrence, of Ohio; Frs. Jos. McGinn, O'Melia, Rechsteiner and Bro. Michael, of Pa.; Frs. John McGinn and O'Neill, of R. I.; Fr. Weber, of Wis.; Bro. Anselm, of England; Fr. Bauer, of Germany; Fr. Heemskerk, of Holland; Fr. Tierney, of Ireland; and Bro. Albert, of Switzerland.

Central address: See page 149.

WUCHOW

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Wuchow, Kwangsi Province, South China, 15,000 square miles in area, the size of Mass., Conn., and Delaware. Population 3,000,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Mgr. B. F. Meyer, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Davenport, Ia.; Fr. V. Walsh, of Ia.; Fr. Fedders, of Ky.; Bro. Francis, of Md.; Frs. Cunneen, Gilleran, Langley, Mulcahy, of Mass.; Frs. T. Daley, Dempsey, Gilligan, Kupfer, McLoughlin and Schulz, of N. Y.; Fr. Sprinkle, of Ohio; Frs. P. Donnelly and Gillogly, of Pa.; and Fr. Tennien, of Vt.

Central address: See page 149.

KWEILIN

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Kweilin, Kwangsi Province, South China, 15,000 square miles in area, the size of Mass., Conn., and Delaware. Population 2,500,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Fr. P. Toomey, of Conn.; Fr. Glass, of Iowa; Fr. Greene, of Ind.; Frs. Keelan, LaCroix, Regan and E. Toomey, of Mass.; Fr. Romaniello, of N. Y.

Central address: See page 149.



MONTHLY FORUM OF THE

Maryknoll missionaries in Eastern Asia number 157 priests and 13 Auxiliary Brothers, laboring in seven territories, each the equivalent of a small diocese. They are:

1. Vicariate of Kongmoon
2. Vicariate of Kaying
3. Prefecture of Wuchow } all four in
4. Prefecture of Kweilin } South China.
5. Prefecture of Fushun in Manchukuo.
6. Prefecture of Peng Yang in Korea.
7. Prefecture of Kyoto in Japan.

These seven territories embrace 142,000 square miles and contain



"Domine Labia Mea Aperies"—

And thereupon God is praised by one of Father Malone's neighbors:

"A young man in Lien p'in, who had heard a little of our doctrine in his house where a catechist was stationed, contracted a bad throat illness. For two days he could neither talk nor swallow. He was in a bad way, and thought the end could not be far off.

"As he lay in bed he began to go over in his mind the *Our Father*, the catechist's oft-repeated prayer. Suddenly the sick man began to say it aloud, and the sound of his own voice startled him.

"How is it," he asked, "that I am able to recite this prayer that I never studied? The Buddhist prayers that I know by heart never occurred to me; and most astounding, I can talk now whereas a moment before I could not even whisper! This certainly must be the true religion that can work such wonders."

"His next step was to ask for a catechism. Recently he was baptized, the most fervent by far in the group to receive the sacrament."

A Welcome Distraction—

Tearing himself away from a fascinating monthly financial report, Father

James McCormick entertains:

"Two English-speaking Catholics, students in Wah Yan College in Hong Kong, walked in the other night for a visit. They are brothers and extraordinary converts who have brought more than a dozen of their classmates into the Church. They discussed ways and means of interesting their relatives in the Faith, while they are home on vacation, and invited me to visit their home for this purpose.

"Before their school days are ended, these two apostles hope to see all of their classmates baptized."



A Happy Hunch—

Let no one in Father Constantine Burns' congregation think to hide his identity:

"There was at Mass a young man who looked unfamiliar. On a hunch, I followed him out of church and made the acquaintance of Mr. Joseph Tang. He is interested in mines principally, but in everything generally. He would like to see the Church develop here and offered several suggestions in the matter of the Reading Room, its mode of operation and hours; the dispensary; the orphanage, and the new chapel. Inasmuch as he is fairly well to do, it

IF YOU CANNOT GIVE YOURSELF TO THE MISSION

MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS

20,000,000 non-Christian souls. They are twice the size of the New England states and number over three times the population of New England. They include 56,675 Catholics, of whom 7,413 adults are last year's converts.

The center for the South China missions is Maryknoll House, Stanley, Hong Kong, though each field has its central address as given on this page.

The Maryknoll Fathers likewise have a parish in Honolulu, special student work in the Philippines, and two parishes among the Japanese on our Pacific Coast.

is interesting to note that he suggested a chapel of moderate size and moderate cost, of mud-brick, plastered, to be built at once, and replaced when the need shall arrive; this in keeping with Chinese psychology and the spirit of economy. I quite agree.

Improvements Completed—

From the Stanley House scribe, Father John Troesch, comes a cheery note:

"After long months of waiting due to necessary repainting and other repairs, we inaugurated our permanent chapel. Father Daly celebrated Mass at the distinctively attractive altar designed and fashioned under the direction of Brother Albert. Incidentally, this altar won the universal approval of our many post Eucharistic Congress visitors, one of them, ordering a duplicate for his parish in the States."

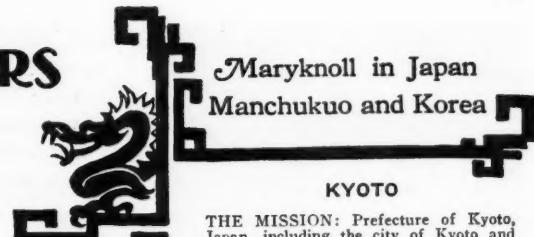


Eluding the Pirates—

In his quest for souls, Father Edmund Toomey travels an historic route:

"This picturesque little city of Chuanchow lies about a hundred miles to the northeast of Kweilin. Along the bus road runs a canal connecting two small rivers that eventually empty into the Yangtze.

CAUSE, AT LEAST DO WHAT YOU CAN — GENEROUSLY.



Maryknoll in Japan Manchukuo and Korea

KYOTO

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Kyoto, Japan, including the city of Kyoto and territory about Lake Biwa. Population 2,000,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. P. J. Byrne, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Washington, D. C.; Fr. Witte, of Ind.; Bro. Clement, of Kan.; Frs. Barry, Briggs, J. Daly, Mackesy, and Morris, of Mass.; Frs. McKillop, W. Murphy, and Whitlow, of N. Y.; Fr. Boeslugh, of N. D.; Bro. Thaddeus, of Ohio; and Fr. Felsecker, of Wis.

Central address:

Maryknoll Fathers,
St. Francis Xavier's Church,
Kawara Machi, 3 jo agaru, Kyoto, Japan

FUSHUN

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Fushun, Manchukuo, 37,000 square miles in area, the size of Kentucky. Population 2,500,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. R. A. Lane, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Lawrence, Mass.; Frs. McGurkin and J. J. Walsh, of Conn.; Fr. Kaschmitter, of Idaho (loaned to Apost. Del., Peiping); Fr. Geselbracht, of Ill.; Fr. Hewitt, of Md.; Frs. Comber, Gilbert, Henry, A. Murphy and E. Ryan, of Mass.; Fr. Coffey, of Mich.; Fr. Hohlfeld, of Neb.; Fr. Quirk, of N. H.; Frs. Escalante, Flick, Haggerty, J. O'Donnell, Ziemia and Bros. Benedict and Peter, of N. Y.; Frs. Clarence Burns and Rottner, of Ohio; Frs. Muller and J. Sullivan, of Pa.; Fr. Weis, of Wis.; Fr. Jacques, of Canada; and Fr. J. McCormack, of Ireland.

Central address:

Catholic Mission, Fushun,
Manchukuo

PENG YANG

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Peng Yang, Korea, 20,000 square miles in area, in size, half of Indiana. Population 2,800,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rev. W. R. Booth, *Administrator*, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Fr. L. Sweeney, of Conn.; Fr. Markham, of Ill.; Frs. Chisholm, Connors, Hunt, Peloquin, Plunkett, M. Walsh and Bros. Raymond and William, of Mass.; Frs. Barron and Petipren, of Mich.; Fr. Craig, of Minn.; Fr. Carey and Bro. Joseph, of N. J.; Frs. Borer, Carroll, Cleary, Coxen, Gibbons, S. Hannon, Harding, Nolan, Pardy, J. Ray and White, of N. Y.; Frs. Cappel and Kramer, of Ohio; and Fr. Duffy, of Ireland.

Central address:

Catholic Mission,
P.O. Box 23, Peng Yang,
Korea

**Too Late!—**

Coincidentally with the cable announcing the finding of Father Gerard Donovan's slain body, came a letter from Monsignor Lane commenting on the leader of the bandit gang responsible for the kidnaping:

"In regard to the news item about the outlaws' leader being killed, this is not at all certain. While it is true, that a number of the group were ambushed and captured, there is no certainty that the 'laddybuck' in charge was among those done away with. In the meantime, there is every indication that this smaller group has made up with a much larger one, comprising some 150 or more.

"The Colonel in charge of the military police with headquarters at Mukden continues to assure us that Father Donovan will certainly be returned safely. There is a concentrated drive under way at the present time, and I am hoping that the *dénouement* will be as successful as that of Father Burns' case, although there is a big risk in this business."

Prospect Peak—

It is beginning to look like a landslide around T'ung Hua, where Father John Comber is pastor-ing:

"An appeal for a home, a touch for a meal, a plea for medical aid, even a 'Brother, can you spare a dime?' are all ordinary, everyday requests that cause our sensitive eyelashes not even to tweak.

"But only now, three weeks later, do we recover from the joyful swoon into which we were lowered by petitions from representatives of two neighboring villages, asking for instruction in the doctrine for the entire combined populations of 700! And this is only an indication of what the possibilities are.

**CATECHISTS are a vital need
for the mission. Will you
— or your Circle or Sodality—
sponsor a native lay apostle at
\$15 a month?**

"We ask prayers for more peaceful times, that we may be able to make the best of the many opportunities that are open to us."

A Re-Formal Invitation—

The authorities at Antung have invited Father Joseph McCormack to visit the two local reformatory for men and women, in order to tell them about the Catholic religion. The officials evidently realize the good influence of the Church and feel that this contact will induce the inmates to lead better lives after they leave the institution. One convert has already been made as a result of these talks.

The Church has also been asked to give an occasional broadcast at the Antung station.

**"Right Time"—**

You, especially you commuters, who find *daylight saving* a strain on the mental faculties, hear Father Felix White's timely troubles and be thereby comforted:

"'Right time,' is the expression we use here in designating our system of reckoning ages, because the Koreans have a different method. With them, a baby is one year old on the day of birth, and the child born in January is charged with two years of age. It is very important that this method of computation be taken into consideration at the time of marriage, as the Church law forbids the marriage of a boy under sixteen and a girl under fourteen, and Korean custom encourages youth-

THE FIELD AFAR, Maryknoll

ful marriages.

"In public, the husbands more or less ignore their wives, although they do permit the weaker sex to carry bundles or objects of weight. Husbands never refer directly to their wives, but say that their household is well. However, it is interesting to note how solicitous they are for them during sickness, and also that the wives are the real power in the home."

Crowded Hours—

A typical feast day at Bazan is described by the pastor, Father Wilbur Borer:

"At 6 A.M. some of the faithful were waiting to enter the church. Confessions were interrupted at 7:30, when James and Anna were baptized, and immediately after, these two and a group of other children, all bedecked for the occasion, attended Mass and received Communion. A special 'banquet' was prepared in the school after the Mass for the First Communicants, but the pastor had to hear more confessions. These were interrupted when it was time for the High Mass. More confessions followed until noon, when Holy Communion was distributed. A little later we had a bit of breakfast. The exposition of the Blessed Sacrament attracted many worshipers, and the pastor made several sick calls during the afternoon.

"After Benediction and supper all the faithful gathered for a social visit."

A Seasonal Caller—

Indoor warmth was a new sensation for the "hierarchy" of Yeng You (Fathers Leo Peloquin and Alfred Hardig).

"A few weeks before Jack of frost renown took up his residence with us for the winter, we moved into the new rectory-language school. It was the first time in many years that we felt free to ask our uninvited guest to remove his overcoat and overshoes. The warmth of our hospitality melted him completely, and in gratitude, the icy old fellow made himself as unobtrusive as possible.

"Many of our Christians seem to be growing older as the years roll on—a bad habit not to be encouraged, for their increasing number forces us to enlarge our home for the aged!"

WE ARE IDLE WHEN NOT OCCUPIED



WANTED—\$2,000 for central church in city of Kweilin, chief city of new Prefecture of Kweilin, Kwangsi Province, South China.

WANTED—Three gifts of \$400 each for three out-station chapels served from Tanchuk, mission of Father Arthur Dempsey, Prefecture of Wuchow, South China.

WANTED—Used set of Catholic Encyclopedia for Father Wilbur Borer, missionary at Masa, Peng Yang Prefecture, Korea.

WANTED—10 gifts of \$100 each for teachers and catechumenates to train women converts in the new Prefecture of Kweilin, Kwangsi Province, South China.

WANTED—\$5,000 for land for chapel, city of Kyoto, Prefecture of Kyoto, Japan.

WANTED—Eight gifts of \$15 per month each to maintain eight catechists of the Prefecture of Wuchow, Kwangsi Province, South China.

WANTED—Three gifts of \$500 each for three pieces of land as centers for new missions, Prefecture of Peng Yang, Korea.

WANTED—One gift of \$50 per month to maintain dispensaries conducted by Maryknoll Sisters for the Prefecture of Fushun, Manchukuo.

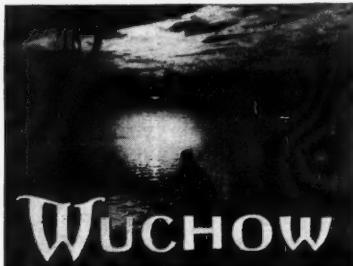
WANTED—Three gifts of \$30 per month each for rental of buildings employed as temporary chapels, Prefecture of Kyoto, Japan.

The Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

WANT ADS

IN THE CAUSE OF CHRIST.

"A chapel-school in one of our out-stations is another idea we have been playing around with. Now, if we could only find a pair of philanthropists who would like to play with us—"



Mission Tactics—

By surrounding the city with a ring of Christians, Father Mark Tennien may yet lasso the entire population of Wuchow into the Fold:

"More than a hundred of our people on the outskirts of the city are now preparing for Baptism. Many of them have relatives in Wuchow, whom they will seek to interest in the Faith. The people of the city are more sophisticated and subject to human respect, but here too, the previous indifference is gradually giving place to a growing interest.

"It is found that some wait for others to take the initiative. For instance, one family of boat people who have a good knowledge of our religion, were asked why they did not become Catholics. They replied, 'If we were the first, we should be ridiculed.'

A Big League Game—

From his home plate at Jungyun, Father Schulz had a twenty-mile run to his first-base Christians. Batting the

Central Addresses for

Maryknoll in South China

For Kaying missionaries:

Catholic Mission,
Kaying, Via Swatow, China

For Kongmoon missionaries:

Catholic Mission, Kongmoon,
Kwangtung Province, China

For Wuchow missionaries:

Catholic Mission, Wuchow,
Kwangsi Province, China

For Kweilin missionaries:

Catholic Mission, Kweilin,
Kwangsi Province, China

ball (of Faith), one day, to the out-fields, he found that the only way to make a home run was to *ride* the diamond:

"How to reach them, that was the question. When the Christians in a village thirty-five miles distant over rough mountain roads, invited me to call, I thought of asking you to ship over the Lincoln Highway; but then what good would that do without even a pair of roller skates? Many more brilliant ideas obtruded themselves before I finally selected the one suggesting the purchase of a motorcycle. Now, as I kill off the miles, fatigue and mosquitoes, with a slight movement of the wrist, I pray there will be a corresponding acceleration in the making of converts."



Where the Castle is His Home—

Settled in the old, supposedly-haunted home of a samurai Baron of the days gone by, Father Clarence J. Witte writes:

"The extent of the grounds and the fact that the old barony was for twenty years closed to the public eye, explain the haunted-house atmosphere. The wide open gate is dispelling the traditional aloofness of our present domain, and the former queasy feeling of the uninitiated is giving way to a fair degree of popularity.

"Although we are in a quiet neighborhood, we are very much in the midst of things, just where the Church ought to be—a little below the castle, next door to the town hall, neighboring a famous park, across the street from a childrens' playground, near a large middle school, near the post office and the police station, and not at all far from the busy part of town.

"May we ask your prayers that some day we may be able to buy this place for the Church in Japan?"

Knoll Notes

On Neighborhood Roads and Basketball Rivals

SEMINARIANS have a natural hankering to take to the road. This is probably due to the fact that the first seminary of the New Dispensation held its classes while plodding roads in Galilee.

The Lord was the rector and

provided the hike comes as a free choice and not as a command performance. In this they reveal that streak of cantankerousness which runs through all of us humans.



professor, and spiritual director as well. Judas was the all-too-human procurator who, besides ending miserably himself, serves still as a miserable handicap for those poor persecuted men in our seminaries who must buy the meals and pay the bills. It must have been Peter who started and won most of the arguments. And Philip must have taken most of the jollying, for he was timid.

The 300 or so Maryknollers in training in the various Maryknoll houses go hiking with pleasure,

Upper right:
Clever, these Chinese! A guest of the student hikers finds himself a table.

Above: Bread line, not in lower New York but in the green woods.

Right: Running-board restaurant, Quaker Bridge.



The classic hiking days are the autumn and the spring.

How would you like a jaunt to Quaker Bridge? We start shortly after breakfast, all as frisky as kittens with catnip. The day is glorious, the road good though claimed by occasional traffic. Those with excess of energy try walking fence rails and a bridge parapet or two, while those who find energy failing take to barbless wire for



SACRIFICES MADE FOR GOD HAVE A SWEETNESS AND

a seat, or to a less uncomfortable tree stump.

Dinner is served at Quaker Bridge—no waits or waiting, or you'll get no dinner. The Maryknoll truck heaves in sight at the critical moment, quartermaster's corps aboard. My! the car must have driven right down from Heaven, for everything it brings has the taste of divine nectar.

Such hikes are an institution in all Maryknoll houses. Here is a travel note from Bedford:

"It is one of life's rarer moments to hear our revered Rector announce that the day's customary schedule will give way to a hike. The procession files down the highway to Bedford town, where begins the road to Concord, the same romantic road the Bedford militia took in 1776. Along it now, bold signposts bear the repeated number '62.' Why not retain the colorful captions of our turnpikes, such as the Atlantic's 'Boston Post Road' and the Pacific's 'El Camino Real'? For it is only a Pythagorean or a mathematician with a touch of the sun who can find romance in numbers.

"Concord, and shades of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, the Alcotts. We visit Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, the bibliophiles haunt the Library, while the athletes heel-and-toe it to Walden Pond. Main attractions are the ground of the battle of Concord, the Minute Man wrought in bronze, and the obelisk where the British fell.

"Then to the Catholic church near the green, with the reflection that things have changed since John Adams wrote in 1775, 'Catholics are as scarce as a comet or an earthquake.'

Both the major Seminary and Maryknoll College in Pennsylvania report very good seasons in basketball. At the major Seminary the traditional opponents were faced, the Holy Ghost students of Ferndale, New York Archdiocesan Seminary at Dunwoodie, Brooklyn Seminary of Huntington, New York Cathedral College. Games



Above: Bedford Knollers call to see the Minute Man in nearby Concord, Mass.

Below: Holy Week at Maryknoll College Clarks Summit, Penna., with faculty members chanting the Passion.

were played with other teams of the metropolitan area also. There were defeats, but this year the

victories were more frequent, much to the satisfaction of Father Thomas Ray, now on the Seminary faculty after some years as missioner in Korea.

At Maryknoll in Pennsylvania "dropping 'em into the basket" is quite the thing in the winter. There is an intramural league which is a synonym for modified mayhem. The varsity won about eighty per cent of its games this season. Visitors included Brooklyn Cathedral College, defeated by a narrow margin, and New York Cathedral College, which won by a wide margin. Most of the games are with teams of the anthracite region.

We cannot keep the printer waiting long enough to tell you how this year's Easter ceremonies fared. However, we already catch faint accents about the house of this season of solemn beauty, as seminarians and officiating priests prepare carefully for the beautiful days.

In the long years of preparation for the apostolate overseas, each Knoller impregnates himself thoroughly with all that the Church is and does and aspires to be in the life of men—God's vehicle to men's souls, man's vehicle to his God.



The Bounty Page



Dear Maryknoll Friends,

Flaming youth is the object of heavy broadsides of attention these days. It has to listen to a great deal that is not very complimentary.

But we can speak for a certain minority that makes a mighty good impression on us.

In the first place, from its ranks each year comes a very choice company of vocations. These young men who aspire to the Maryknoll priesthood overseas, and the young women who enter the Maryknoll Sisters, could follow other paths, could save themselves much sacrifice, could hope for comforts and consolations by the fireside. But they pick exile.

Then, others could go their merry ways and spend what they have on themselves. But they choose to think of people on the other side of the earth.

A young man of Long Island now in his university years, from a well-to-do family, recently saved several hundred dollars and sent it to Maryknoll-in-the-Orient. A second young man in Michigan picked out a chapel requested in a Maryknoll Want Ad, wrote for details concerning it, and gathered the money for its erection.

A college man in Massachusetts supports a missioner 365 days a year. A young woman at school in Philadelphia gives ten dollars from her monthly allowance of twenty to sponsor a missioner.

A score of youngsters in a Pittsburgh orphanage saved their pennies to give five dollars for ransom of a Chinese baby.

This is all very edifying, don't you think? Fact is, we discover too much nobility in our daily mail, to feel that all hope is gone, whether among America's old or its young.

Best wishes, dear Maryknoll friends!

The Maryknoll Fathers

THE FIELD AFAR, Maryknoll

We give Thee thanks, Almighty God, for all Thy gifts which we have received from Thy bounty.

The Month's Prize Letter

"Dear Fathers,

"I wish to enroll my new baby, now two months old, to sponsor a Maryknoll missioner for one day a month as his brother does.

"I am enclosing herewith Alfred's dollar for February and another as the first offering from little Charles.

"Thus each month, henceforth, two reminders should come to our house, one addressed to Alfred and one to Charles. They will be the finer children because of this contact from infancy with America's own missionaries in fields afar.

"God bless Maryknoll!"

—M. L. T., California

Self-Perpetuation

MARYKNOLL was remembered in four wills this month. A woman in Massachusetts left us \$25, another in Connecticut \$95, a man in New York \$283.

The fourth was from a priest in Pennsylvania who left us something over \$1,000, practically all his possessions, toward a bursar for the education of a Maryknoll missioner.

Thus, self-perpetuation. As he falls, the chattels of his earthly pilgrimage are dedicated to preparing other hands which will be lifted in benediction.

Sponsoring's the Vogue

IT has become quite the fashion among Maryknoll friends to have a sponsor day (at least one) on the monthly call.

"I have received a great deal of satisfaction from this," states one woman who has been faithful for some years.

"Time again for our little monthly visit," write two young women of Milwaukee who send their offering jointly, "and you may be sure that it is a happy

ONE WHO HELPS AN APOSTLE

time when we can remember the missions."

"Dime-a-Day" Cards

You will find enclosed the returns from your 'dime-a-day' card. A good part of this was collected by my friend, Mrs. L., whose address is the same as mine. She says you may send her a card now."

This is the Maryknoll Charity Dime Card, each dime of which takes care of a needy person in a Maryknoll mission. If you care to have one, write to: The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

The Memory Abides

Many who write to Maryknoll speak of the days of yore when their correspondence was with Bishop Walsh of beloved memory, Maryknoll's Founder and first General.

"I am from Cambridge and knew Bishop Walsh before he was ordained," reads one such letter. "I wrote to him at Maryknoll for years."

"If my memory serves me well," writes a priest, "it was the first Epiphany at Maryknoll that brought me a letter from Father James Anthony." I sent him a little money and his reply made a royal gift. I am enclosing another check now. I have never ceased to think of Maryknoll."

PREPARATORY SEMINARY BURSES

IN HONOR OF THE SACRED HEARTS OF JESUS, MARY, AND JOSEPH BURSE		4,802.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Reserved)		4,525.00
"C" Burse II		1,851.60
Bk. Théophane Vénard Burse		1,727.80
Archbishop Hanna Burse (Los Altos)		1,447.45
Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Burse		1,001.00
St. Michael Burse		696.32
St. Alloysius Burse		690.10
Ven. Philippe Duchesne Burse (Los Altos)		430.00
St. Philomena Burse		215.00
Holy Ghost Burse		133.00
Immaculate Conception Burse		119.00
St. Margaret Mary Burse		114.00

MAJOR SEMINARY BURSES

MAHAN MEMORIAL BURSE	4,630.85
Dunwoodie Seminary Burse	4,386.45
Michael J. Egan Memorial Burse	4,200.00
Kate McLoughlin Memorial Burse	4,050.00
Mary Dunn Memorial Burse	3,625.71
St. Michael Burse, No. 1 (Reserved)	3,565.00
Duluth Diocese Burse	3,411.70
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, Burse	3,162.44
Marywood College Burse	3,082.00
N. M. Burse	3,000.00
Bishop Molloy Burse	2,851.00
Byrne Memorial Burse	2,800.25
Holy Child Jesus Burse	2,762.85

BECOMES AN APOSTLE

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby give, devise and bequeath to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., of Maryknoll, New York* (Here insert amount of legacy.)

This legacy to be used by the said Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., for the purposes for which it is incorporated.

*In Massachusetts, use: C.F.M.S. of A., Inc., of Bedford, Mass.
In California, use: C.F.M.S. of A., Inc., of Mountain View, Santa Clara Co., Calif.
In Pennsylvania, use: Maryknoll College, Inc., of Clarks Summit, Pa.

Our Lady of Lourdes Burse	2,284.63
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse	2,266.19
Archbishop Ireland Burse	2,101.00
St. Bernadette of Lourdes Burse	2,000.09
St. Dominic Burse	1,904.19
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse	1,738.05
James J. Sullivan Memorial Burse (Reserved)	1,500.00
St. Agnes Burse	1,455.88

Fr. Nummey Burse of Holy Child Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill	1,402.55
St. Francis Xavier Burse	1,395.38
St. Francis of Assisi, No. 2 Burse	1,139.10
St. John Baptist Burse	1,121.21
Manchester Diocese Burse	1,000.00
St. Boniface Burse	1,000.00
Lauinger Burse (Reserved)	1,000.00
Detroit Archdiocese Burse	885.00
St. Rita Burse	772.65
St. Lawrence Burse	673.25
St. Joseph Burse, No. 2	666.20
Children of Mary Burse	655.70
St. Bridget Burse	643.30
Holy Family Burse	583.25
St. Joan of Arc Burse	503.61
The Precious Blood Burse (Reserved)	500.00
The Holy Name Burse	481.65
St. Jude Burse	443.00
St. John B. de la Salle Burse	292.00
All Saints Burse	271.78
Rev. George M. Fitzgerald Burse	233.00
St. John Berchmans Burse	201.00
Trinity "Wekanduit" No. 2 Burse	200.00
Jesus Christ Crucified Burse	190.50
Newark Diocese Burse	157.00
SS. Peter and Paul Burse	150.00
Queen of the Rosary Burse	115.00
St. Peter Burse	106.07

NATIVE SEMINARY BURSES

BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE	1,355.50
Sacred Heart Club Burse	1,300.00
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse	1,218.00
Mater Admirabilis Burse	1,083.00
Mary Mother of God Burse	808.13
Christ the King Burse, No. 2	702.00
Daly Memorial Burse (Reserved)	700.00
Maryknoll Academia Burse	301.60
St. Patrick Burse	255.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus-F. W. Burse	200.00
J. E. and E. J. K. Burse (Reserved)	100.00



Once upon a time....
Story hour in China. Oriental youngsters hear for the first time the tale of their Heavenly Mother.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, New York.

I wish to help the missioner tell the story of Our Blessed Mother to Oriental youngsters. Please send me a ten-dime card and cards for friends.

Name

Address

Our World of Missions



ARTFORD, we repeat, has a warm spot in its heart for missions. It is an excellently organized diocese, with zealous clergy and a stalwart Catholic flock. The Propagation of the Faith Society is strong there, and Maryknoll is much loved.

On March 6, Father Griffin secured over 50,000 members for the Propagation of the Faith Society in the annual enrollment, for which occasion Bishop McAuliffe called to the attention of his people the solid rock on which the world apostolate is built.

"The mission work of the Church," writes Bishop McAuliffe, "dates from the solemn commission of Christ: 'Going therefore teach ye all nations: baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost' (Matt., xxviii: 19). 'All nations belong to His Kingdom for He died for all. These are His chosen people whom He bought at the price of His blood' (Acts, xx: 28). Again on the morning of the Ascension, He spoke to His Apostles: 'You shall be witnesses unto

me in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and Samaria, and even to the uttermost part of the earth' (Acts, i: 8).

"To carry Christ's message and to dispense His life-giving sacraments to all and everywhere on the face of this earth is the Church's supreme mission. This mission is of vital concern to every Catholic. It is a personal duty to aid in the great work and let others share in our priceless faith. Pius XI, the Pope of the Missions, has aroused great enthusiasm and zeal for the conversion of the world. The Vicar of Christ scans the vast expanse of the earth and repeats the words of his Savior: 'Lift up your eyes, and see the countries, for they are white already to harvest' (John, iv: 35); 'The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few' (Luke, x: 2)."

Condolences to a Neighbor—

Catholic missions have not been the object of Japanese attack in China, but nevertheless they have frequently been accidental sufferers. Maryknoll stations in South China have escaped harm, but one of our neighbors has suffered a sad loss.



Father George Carroll's picture-book hour, Maryknoll-in-Korea.

THE FIELD AFAR, Maryknoll

Our note pages on men and things missionary

This is Bishop Albouy of Nanning Vicariate, the territory in Kwangsi Province from which our two fields of Wuchow and Kweilin have been detached.

On January 8 during an air raid over the city of Nanning the mission center was struck. A promising young French missionary, Père Martin, was killed, as was a Chinese seminarian. Père Cuenot, a warm friend of many of the Maryknollers, was gravely wounded and now lies in a hospital in Indo-China, making a brave fight for recovery.

Our sympathy to all the Paris Foreign Missionaries of Nanning, in particular to Bishop Albouy, who has always been a father and a friend.

"No-Priest-Land"—

Father W. Howard Bishop has coined this phrase as applying to one thousand counties in the United States where there is no resident priest. Most of them are in the South and the West, and though thinly populated they have their importance because they are rural areas and their birth rate is high.

"No-Priest-Land" with its thousand counties is the opening theme in Father Bishop's new magazine, *The Challenge*. It will speak for Father Bishop's new Society, the Home Missioners of America, which aims "to labor for the conversion of rural America . . . with the same earnestness and determination and on the same intensive basis as our foreign missionary societies are laboring . . . in foreign lands."

Headquarters of the Home Missioners of America are at 426 East Fifth St., Cincinnati, Ohio, under the inspiring ægis of Archbishop McNicholas. We know Father Bishop through his frequent visits to Maryknoll; we are praying for his cause which, because we are world missioners, is also our cause.

Congresses and Conviction—

A New York daily remarked on the occasion of a recent International Eucharistic Congress that it was quite thought-provoking to find that in this our day religious conviction so thrived that it could bring a million people to-

PRAY AND WORK FOR CONVERSIONS.

gether in one place. So in mission countries national Eucharistic Congresses have great apologetic value. They present non-Christians with a mighty spectacle which bespeaks conviction.

India has just concluded a great Congress at Madras, at which 60,000 faithful gathered, accompanied by 800 priests and headed by 50 bishops. Noteworthy was the attention accorded it by the secular press, which gave prominence to such addresses as that of Bishop Rossillon of Vizagapatam. His Excellency described tellingly the non-political nature of the Church, with its sole object "to give Christ to India." He advised priests and people to Indianize themselves thoroughly, to put aside all Western preconceptions in the practice of the universal religion of God.

The Congo Marches On—

Those of us who watch the advance of Christianity in these days experience a sense of a race against time. How long, we keep asking ourselves, will this world progress continue before a cataclysm bursts upon mankind in the world war that is now menacing?

Hence the sigh of satisfaction as we complete another year and find that between five hundred thousand and a million souls have been cut from the pagan hosts.

Most outstanding progress again is registered in the Belgian Congo. Over 121,000 converts were made, and the Catholic population has reached one and three-quarter millions. Over a million are under instruction, and thus three million out of fourteen million are adherents of the Church—over one fifth of the population.

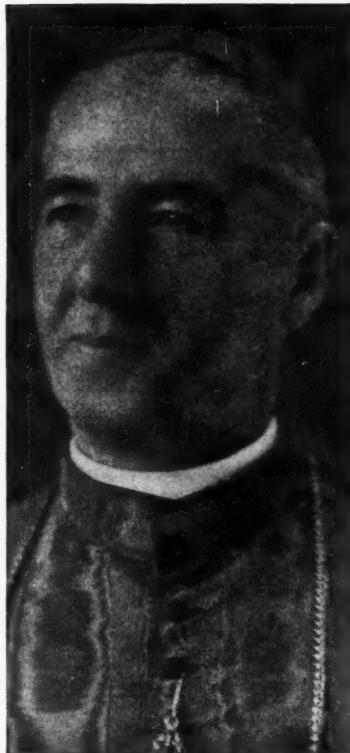
Our hats off to our fellow missionaries in Central Africa!

Chinese Pilgrim Places—

We do not look to China for any abundance of Catholic life. In certain parts, however, there are shrines to which men make pilgrimages and where there is a wealth of devotion.

Two of these shrines will be visited by thousands again this May, for the war has swept through their neighborhoods and has left them in relative peace.

One is the hilltop shrine of Notre Dame of Zose, some few miles out-



An old friend, Archbishop George Caruana, Papal Nuncio in Cuba. His Excellency has never forgotten happy days when as a young priest he visited Maryknoll and made spaghetti for us.

side Shanghai. A beautiful church was completed there in 1937, and the outdoor Stations of the Cross are justly famous. Last year the late Mr. Lo Pa Hong led a pilgrimage of 1,500, which journeyed out from Shanghai in 35 auto buses and 25 automobiles.

A second shrine of note in China is Notre Dame of Tonglo, in Hopei Province, not a great distance from Peking and Tientsin. Last year over 30,000 pilgrims journeyed to it during May. Almost 10,000 pilgrims gathered on the single day of May 6, when Archbishop Zanin, the Papal Delegate, was present.

The Missioner's Cross

Annual Needs:

Salary for a catechist.....	\$180.
Education of a native seminarian.....	\$100.
Support of a native priest.....	\$200.
Care of the aged, the blind, the orphan	\$50.

Tomorrow's Priests—

A writer in the Canadian Bulletin of the Missionary Union of the Clergy describes the mission activities of the seminarians at the Grand Séminaire in Montreal. In conclusion, he sums up the motives which prompt every seminarian to interest himself in missions:

"The purpose of these activities is not to recruit future apostles among the pagans, for almost all of us must exercise our ministry in dioceses of Canada and the United States. Neither is it to make missiologists of ourselves. Rather, we wish merely to be able to do our missionary duty which as priests will consist above all in convincing the faithful of their obligation to aid the expansion of Catholicism, and on occasion, to discover and direct missionary vocations. All this supposes that we know a little about the role of the missioner, his special needs and the conditions under which he carries on."

"Further, while missions comprise primarily the territories under the Propaganda, they include in a certain sense numerous groups of Jews, Protestants and others outside the Church in our own lands. . . . Once priests, the task should be ours of bringing those whom we encounter into the true Faith. If we wish results, it will be of not indifferent value to know how missioners win the non-Christians."

Buddha's Journalists—

It is very informing to find that in the last quarter of a century almost 150 periodicals have been founded in China to set forth Buddhist tenets. Of these approximately 60 are still extant.

Buddhism, contrary to popular notions, is quite powerful in China, with 267,000 temples and some hundreds of thousands of monks and nuns. It possesses 460 institutions, including libraries, for the study of Buddhism, and operates 68 printing presses, some of which are owned by the large monasteries.

We cite the press work of the Buddhists, not because it is important, but because it reminds us that non-Christian religions are not dead. We are witnessing the curious phenomenon of a mild revival, a stir occasioned by the advance of Christianity and by the onslaught of Communism and organized anti-religion.

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS

"On the Go" for Christ



Y eyes can't see, my feet can't walk, but please may I be baptized?" pleaded eighty-five-year-old Ah San.

Through the bamboo wireless across the rice fields she had heard about this new "Lord of Heaven religion." But everyone had said she would have to go to Kaying to study for six weeks. How could she study, when she couldn't see? Finally, one of the Christian women had promised to bring "a virgin of the Lord of Heaven religion." And here was Sister, lovingly clasping Ah San's withered hands. Sightless and toothless though she was, Ah San beamed a smile through her thousand wrinkles.

Ah San invited Sister and her companion to sit on the bed. In South China, it seems, the bedroom is the favorite place to entertain guests. As Sister began to talk about God, about Jesus who died on the cross, curiosity brought first one, then two, finally eight neighbors to listen to Sister's bedside talk. For the benefit of those who

Under umbrellas in South China, under layers of shawls in Manchukuo—afoot along narrow slippery rice paddies or up steep mountain trails—aboard sampan or ice boat, ricksha or oxcart—in dry or rainy season—Maryknoll Sister Missioners are daily "on the go" for Christ.

could see, and for her own inspiration, Sister had brought out from her bag a large picture of the Sacred Heart and pinned it to the wall. Then she guided Ah San's shaking hand through the intricacies of the Sign of the Cross. Finally, she promised to come again to teach Ah San some more, and to the others she promised to bring more pictures. Next time there were thirty on hand to listen.

After a few more visits, the priest came to baptize Ah San—just two days before she died of a sudden illness. And when the next six weeks' course was given at the Kaying catechumenate, among the catechumens were six who

Bridges are quite unnecessary when Chin Lee and Dobbin can so successfully play the part of St. Christopher.

had "listened in" while Ah San was fumblingly learning to bless herself.

Under umbrellas in South China, under layers and layers of shawls in Manchukuo—along slippery rice "paddies," up steep wooded trails, over mountains, through stretches of swamp—the Maryknoll Sister goes afoot, anywhere from five to thirty miles in a day. By canoe over a sandbar on Sancian Island, by sampan or junk up the Kaying River, by ice boat down the Yalu, by sedan or ricksha, by bus or train or steamboat, she travels from place to place, in dry or rainy season, always "on the go" for Christ.

She soon realizes that it is not by accident that "Go" is the first word in our Lord's great command to "Go and teach all nations."

Blessed with the Faith, we go to the Church. In pagan lands the Church must go to the people. In the Orient, women missioners must go to the women in their homes; priests cannot reach them. That is why the Maryknoll Fathers in South China, for example, have brought the Maryknoll Sisters to work among Hakka women. In



THE MARYKNOLL SISTER IN THE ORIENT TEACHES CHRIST'S LOVE BY A LIFE

Hakkaland the Maryknoll Sisters devote themselves principally to direct evangelization by visiting homes and teaching catechumens.

Such work, however, is carried on in every mission, whether it be from a school or hospital, or even from a convalescent home in the Philippine mountains where one Sister has brought back some two hundred fallen away Catholics, who are known as "Sister Matthew's congregation."

—S. V. F.

For Graduation

The Autobiography of St. Thérèse

Cloth \$1.00

Wrapper50

The Spirit of St. Thérèse
90¢

(Postage extra on all books)

The Maryknoll Cloister, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

Here is Sister winning smiles and souls.



Maryknoll Sisters—

is the popular designation of the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Inc. (legal title). In its origin the community goes back to the early days of Maryknoll. The Holy See gave its final approval in 1920. Mother Mary Joseph is the Mother General, heading the present body of 481 professed Sisters, 54 novices, and 15 postulants. There are 234 Sisters in overseas mission work, 42 are working among Orientals in America, and 82 are engaged by the Maryknoll Fathers in administration work and in domestic work in their seminaries. A recent development in the Sisters' community is a cloistered group.

Above: Two little orphans enjoying the luxury of a ricksha ride.

Right: Boarding a *de luxe* bus in South China where there is no scramble for seats, passengers squatting on the floor of the truck.



Central Addresses—

Motherhouse and administration: Maryknoll, N. Y.

Pacific Coast: 425 South Boyle Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

South China: Waterloo Road, Kowloon Tong, Hong Kong.

Shanghai, China: Mercy Hospital, Pei Chiao, Near Ming Hong.

Manchukuo: Tenshudo, Dairen, Manchukuo.

Korea: 257 Sangsukuri, Tenshudo, Heijo, Korea.

Japan: Karasaki, Shiga-ken.

Philippines: St. Mary's Hall, Manila.

Hawaii: 1722 Dole St., Honolulu.



Maryknoll Pioneers

THE Maryknoll Pioneers, our Catholic Action organization for young men and young women, seems to be taking firm root, if we are to accept as evidence the letters that are beginning to come in to us. The following letter comes from a seminarian Pioneer:

"I have been a Maryknoll Pioneer since October, 1937. I have not been able to send you any evidence of my 'pioneering,' but now that impossibility has passed away and I feel anxious to make a little report of my spiritual work for the missions and especially those of Maryknoll. I have attended sixty Masses, received seventy Communions and said the Stations and Rosary twenty times for the Missions of Maryknoll especially. Perhaps such a report might encourage some of your co-workers and remind them that we are not forgetting them.

"I am a student at St. Bernard's in Rochester. . . Finally, I would like to offer a name for membership in the Maryknoll Pioneers. . . I am glad for this opportunity of praying for the missions in an organized way."

And another letter from a young lady out West states:

"I would like to receive twelve Maryknoll Pioneer cards with information accompanying. I have been reading about the Maryknoll Pioneers in THE FIELD AFAR and think that is a wonderful idea. I have a Maryknoll Circle with twelve members in it. I wish to present these cards at our next meeting."

Comments on our Maryknoll Pioneer Bulletin, issued monthly since last January, also indicate that our Pioneer members are in earnest about their adopted mission activity. We shall quote from them later, on this page.

From the above letters, it will be correctly concluded that Maryknoll Pioneer Action is left largely to the initiative of the zealous individual member, and our Pioneers are proving their zest already. This Pioneer Catholic Action

MARYKNOLL MISSION EDUCATION BUREAU

Designed to meet your mission promotion problems.

1. **Literature Section—** offers mission books and pamphlets. Write for our complete price lists.
2. **Press Section—** provides Catholic newspapers and magazines with mission copy and photographs.
3. **Entertainment and Lecture Section—** offers some twenty-five plays, mission movies and stereopticon lectures. Write for catalogue.
4. **School Section—** is at the service of all primary and secondary school teachers. Father Chin heads the Maryknoll Junior Club and our young folks' magazine, *The Maryknoll Junior*. University, college and high school young men and women are enrolled individually as Maryknoll Pioneers.
5. **Reference and Research Service—** will provide you with bibliographies, subject reading references, statistics, photos and general mission information.

in no way interferes with other organized activities in which most young people are engaged. Pioneer Catholic Action is quietly carried on as a personal accompaniment to other parish and diocesan interests; when necessary, it steps unobtrusively into the background, that it may not compromise the other phases of Catholic Action enterprises.

There is this distinguishing mark about Maryknoll Pioneer Catholic Action which we hold up now as an ideal and which we confidently hope to see acted upon by our members: Maryknoll

"Pray And Work For Conversions"

"EDUCATE the vast army of Catholic children in the message of the Immaculate Conception, train them in practices and habits of continually praying and sacrificing themselves to aid the countless millions now perishing eternally, and we shall soon have an apostolic nation that will send out missionaries to the whole world." — Father Price.

Pioneer Catholic Action, by reason of its world-wide zeal and universal interest, will animate, strengthen, and round out perfectly all other Catholic activity in which the individual member participates. So that a Maryknoll Pioneer will be recognized as someone just a trifle more zealous, just a bit more generous, just a measure more prodigal of time and talents when it is a question of the charities of the Church extended towards others. In other words, we expect with assurance, knowing their caliber already, that our Maryknoll Pioneers will be the outstanding members of other organizations, because they have been dubbed missionary leaders in the work of the salvation of souls. They are our lay missionaries-at-home; we look to them for what we know they are going to give—the splendid cooperation which Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, calls *Catholic Action*.

Big Facts Plus Prayer

A Maryknoller who spoke recently at Fordham University was approached after the lecture by a young man who said he wished to thank the priest for getting home to him for the first time the real meaning of missions.

"Your little story about Mrs. X. was mighty convincing, Father," said the young man.

Mrs. X., it seems, was first encountered by Father K. in a home circle of a dozen or so. The hostess introduced Father and explained that he was a foreign missioner. "Foreign missions," snorted Mrs. X. immediately, "I don't believe in them. Our young priests have no right going off to these outlandish countries."

"Hm, Mrs. X.," remarked Father K. with a smile, "you are nothing if not definite. Christ said, 'Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature!' But you, Mrs. X., you say don't go. That seems to change the Lord's orders very decidedly. The Scriptures are ribbed through and through with this command to be cath-

olic, our theology teaches it, Church history demonstrates it, but you, Mrs. X., say 'Forget about it—it's all nonsense!'"

"Then, Father," said the student, "you answered very well the young Catholic fellow at Harvard who thought the Y.M.C.A. was more important than the Church in China."

The Harvard man is of a well-known New York family.

"Father," he had said to Father K., "what would you think of my accepting this invitation as a member of the Y.M.C.A. Committee for China?"

"Why, Tom," Father K. had replied, "where is your loyalty? Why participate in work which, while good enough in its way, is practically a rival to the Church in China?"

"But they are the ones who are doing the big work in China, Father."

"My, Tom, what they do doesn't hold a candle to what the Church does, either in China or elsewhere in the mission world. Do you realize, boy, that last

For Classroom Week-Ends

Maryknoll Exhibits

AS a remedy for week-end mental lethargy, and to assist all teachers who wish to promote interest in Catholic foreign missions, Maryknoll offers a choice of nine small exhibits, each of which is shipped in a handy container and may be set up on a classroom table.

1. A Japanese "O Hina Dan" This is a replica of an old Japan Imperial Pavilion, complete with richly costumed figures of the Mikado, his consort, courtiers and guardsmen.
2. Dolls from Mission Lands
3. Costumes from Fields Afar
4. Hats Worn in the Far East
5. Hawaiian Medley
6. A Glimpse of China
7. A Journey to Japan
8. Home Life in Korea
9. Peeking at the Philippines

Each exhibit is accompanied with informative data and instructions for display. There is no charge attached to this service other than an offering to cover transportation.

For further information write to:

Maryknoll Mission Education Bureau,
Maryknoll P.O., New York.

Maryknoll Films

SCHOOLS and Catholic societies are invited to request our Maryknoll films. The list is short but as time passes we hope to add to it.

The Missioner's Cross—Sound film, 1600 feet, 16mm.

Fishing for Souls—Sound film, 400 feet, 16 mm.

Teach Ye All Nations—Silent film, 1600 feet, 16mm.

Address:

*Maryknoll Mission Education Bureau,
Maryknoll P.O., New York.*

year in dispensary work alone over 25,000,000 people, the equivalent of the entire population of Spain, were treated by our priests and Sisters?

"And at so little an outlay. If you went to the Y.M.C.A. and said, 'I'll give you a dollar apiece to treat 25,000,000 dispensary cases next year,' do you think they could undertake to do it? Most certainly not! It is only

through the self-abnegation of priests and Sisters who labor without financial return that such feats can be accomplished."

"I've never seen it in this light before," said Tom of Harvard.

And Tom has plenty of company, principally because even in our Catholic schools and even among our speakers and writers on missions too little attention is given to the big facts of missions. Let's build conviction, for on this solid ground alone, seasoned with prayer, can enduring support for the conversion of the world be based.

There must be prayer. "Even though the missionaries labor zealously," says no less a one than Pope Pius XI, "though they work and toil and even lay down their lives . . . still all this will be of no avail unless God touches the hearts of the pagans to soften them and to draw them to Him. Now it is easy to see that everyone has the opportunity to pray, and so this help, the very nourishment of the missions, is within the power of all to supply."

Big facts plus prayer, then: that is the prescription.



A tense scene in a Maryknoll Play which was produced with marked success by the Students of Sacred Heart College, Bathurst, N. B., Canada, under the able direction of Rev. Wilfrid Myatt, C. J. M.

In the recent survey of Catholic plays listed by the Federal Theatre Project, fifteen of the twenty-six plays listed in the Maryknoll Play Library received recognition.

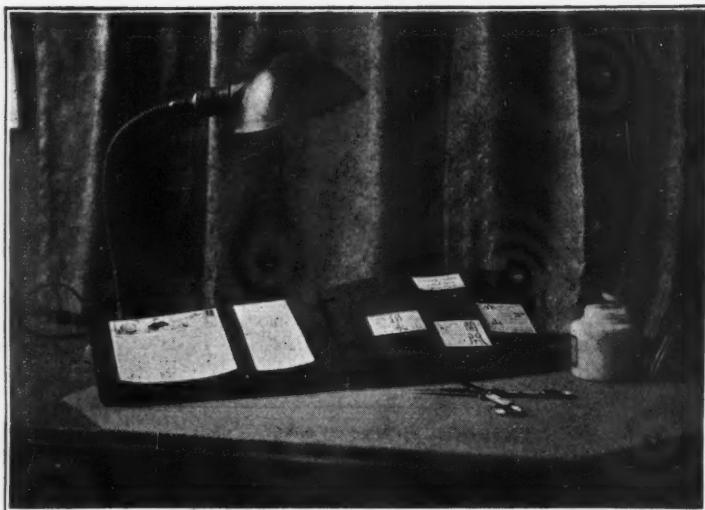
For further information regarding Maryknoll Plays, write for our catalogue.

THE MARYKNOLL PLAY LIBRARY
Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

KINGDOM, ANYWHERE AND EVERYWHERE ON THE EARTH.—Bishop J. A. Walsh.

Mission Scrap Book Contest

Our 1938 annual Mission Scrap Book Contest, open to Maryknoll Junior Club members, is at its height now. Would you like to join in the fun? You may, provided you first of all enroll as a Maryknoll Junior.



Fill out the coupon at the bottom of this page and send it with your Mission Scrap Book to Father Chin, Maryknoll, N. Y. Be sure to follow the Contest rules quoted below, and begin on your Book NOW!

From Father Chin's Monthly Letter in
THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR

"Our annual Mission Scrap Book Contest, open to all Maryknoll Juniors, extends from the time you receive this issue until June 1. Mission news items, mission clippings, mission pictures, etc.—any or all of these may be included in your Mission Scrap Book. Prizes will be awarded to those Juniors sending in the most original, the most attractive, or the best all-round Mission Scrap Book. No Books will be accepted after June 1, 1938. Your name, address, and age must be given with the Mission Scrap Book. Notice the emphasis on MISSION; no other kind of scrap book will be accepted. You may enter more than one Book in the Contest. When sending your Mission Scrap Book, state whether it is to be sent, after the Contest is over, to poor children or the missions or back to you; and please enclose return postage with it."

Date

Dear Father Chin,

I wish to be enrolled for one year in the MARYKNOLL JUNIOR CLUB. I expect to receive free the Club magazine, *The Maryknoll Junior*. I enclose this enrollment with my Mission Scrap Book entry in your 1938 Contest.

NAME AGE

ADDRESS



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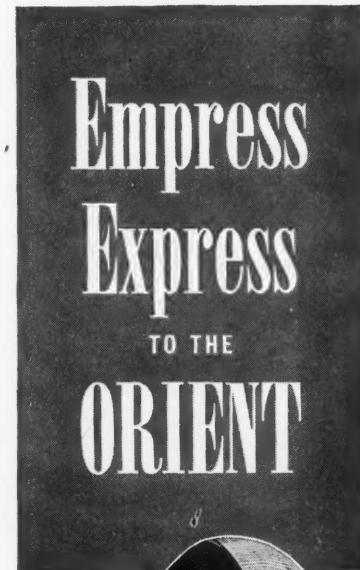
Perpetual Suffrages for Your Dear Departed

The Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

I am interested in enrolling my dear departed as Perpetual Associates so that they may enjoy a share in 11,000 Masses each year. Please send me an enrollment form and state what the offering is.

Name

Address



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Facilities available for the celebration of Holy Mass.

From Vancouver and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila. Full details from YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or Canadian Pacific: 41 offices in the United States and Canada.

Also convenient sailings to Europe via the "39% less ocean" route for the XXXIV International Eucharistic Congress at Budapest, May 23-29.

Canadian Pacific

The Lord God made them all



"**A**LL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all."

—C. F. Alexander

THese little maids of Maryknoll in Kyoto wouldn't know who made their beautiful cherry blossoms if a missioner hadn't taught them. One billion non-Christians in fields afar still wait to be taught. Will you provide a missioner for 30, 20, 10, 5, or for even one day each month? See page 153.

MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

